

INGRATITUDE.

A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO THE
MOST GRATEFUL OF MANKIND.

Criminibus debent hortos, prætoria, mensas.

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
Qualemcumque potest: quales ego, vel Cluvienus.*

Juv.

THE THIRD EDITION.

REVISED and CORRECTED, with further ADDITIONS.

*Ecce iterum C-----s, -----
----- Magni Delator Amici.*

Juv.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, in *Fleet-Street*. M DCC LXIV.

(Price One Shilling.)

Advertisement to the Reader.

THE AUTHOR humbly hopes, he shall not with the most candid stand in need of *any* APOLOGY, if all his *Fact's* shall be found to be true.---Whether he is justify'd in the choice of his object, or the poetical colorings made use of to expose it, the impartial PUBLIC alone must decide.

INGRATITUDE.

A

P O E M.

O *NCE* on a time, so stories shou'd begin,
The world was honest, and it knew no sin ;
Once on a time, in ancient time I mean,
And long before Dissimulation's reign ;
Before *ASTRÆA* left the faithless land ;
When Truth and Friendship cou'd walk hand in hand,

B

And

I N G R A T I T U D E.

And did in all appearances agree,
 An happy pair, in real amity ;
 Before *Simplicity* was turn'd away ;
 E'er *Modesty* arose, and wou'd not stay ;
 When pretty maids cou'd blush, like roseat morn,
 Nor fear the edge of their own sexes scorn ;
 When real Beauty scorn'd all borrow'd smiles,
 The harlot's toying snare, and wanton wiles ;
 When she, with sweetest looks of loveliest face,
 Such as we see the blooming BUNBRY grace ;
 Looks, which might genial warmth to kings impart,
 Lead captive all, and int'rest every heart,
 Entangle angels, if she angels met,
 In the wild maze of LOVE's seraphic net ;
Once on a time, ascended HYMEN's bed,
 Nor stain'd his lip with artificial red.

E'er Gen'ral's soldiers for their beauty chose,
 Or deck'd their persons with embroider'd cloaths ;
 E'er rank for services and scars was bought,
 Or Captain's pay was quite a play-thing thought ;
 When sometimes Custom wou'd, and Church permit
 Priests to have wisdom, and her chaplains wit ;

When Churchmen all were pious : and e'er Law,
Dealing in riddle, mystery, and flaw,
Wou'd say aloud, I love, or seem to say,
No perpetuity, but all delay :
When in all breasts great HAMPDEN's spirit reign'd,
(O, name most sacred, but how oft profan'd !
When *Patriots* were to the nation true,
Nor warp'd her welfare to their selfish view ;
When they had honour, and were much too nice,
T' applaud a worse, then damn a better Peace ;
E'er RIOT held chief magistracy's place,
And thought a sheriff's insult no disgrace ;
E'er HESSE or BRUNSWICK were such fav'rite ground,
Or WOLFENBUTTELE deem'd a pleasing sound.

Our rude forefathers, plain but honest men,
Cou'd read and write ; knew five and five was ten ;
They thought (confiu'd and narrow souls as yet)
Two hundred millions an alarming debt ;
Thought Vice an hag, that Virtue had some charms ;
That friends shou'd be receiv'd with open arms ;
To ugly deeds they gave an ugly name,
And cloth'd all vice in epithets of blame.

Such plain and simple terms were then in vogue,
 An whore, they call'd a whore ; a rogue, a rogue.

But we, like spaniels, fawn and cringe, with face
 Abash'd, a puny, sick, degenerate race ;
 And, in a mean compliance to the times,
 With soft'ning phrase, gloss o'er and varnish crimes,
 Confound all words, all characters of shame,
 And base seducers, "*men of pleasure* name ;
 Give words a meaning which have none at all,
 And foul adultery, "*a flirtation* call ;
 An open brothel, "*a convenient house*,
 ----- a virgin, and an whore a mouse.
 A bold impostor is "*an able man* ;
 And inconsistency in -----, "*a plan* :
 Physicians too can catch the sickly mode,
 Where'er it is, as late we've seen the road
 To fees and marriages, and all agree
Her case it must an "*influenza* be :
 What dancing ladies once cou'd stile a *ball*,
 And meriy song, they now "*fandangos* call ;
 What friendly obligations once were thought,
 Are now *mere trifles*, and not worth a *groat*.

But shall the *Muse* this false refining strain
Adopt, this dark, this temporising vein ?
Shall she too take her colour from the ground,
Like the Camelion, who from all around
Borrows its hues, and does to fancy owe
More than are seen in Iris' watry bow ?
Shall she, as weak and puling as the age,
Be held by threads, and flutter in a cage ?
Shall she, by vice debauch'd affrighted stand;
Or whip it softly with a lady's hand ?

Or shall she, now *prudential*, wing her way
To great St. JAMES's, with a courtly lay,
Strew choicest flow'rs on happiest HYMEN's bed,
And weave a garland for AUGUSTA's head ?
What muse the task wou'd shun for such a bride,
Who well might grace the mightiest monarch's side ;
What muse but cou'd with truth and pleasure sing
A lovely Princess, and a virtuous King ?
" Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
" And doubly pleas'd, we find it on our own.

Then change the note----a *bleeding* hero tell,
 And ev'ry breath with arms and BRUNSWICK swell;
 In bold description paint the eastern flood,
 Call up old NEPTUNE, and the stormy GOD;
 Then rouse with numbers rough the roaring deep,
 And, with chill horror make NEWCASTLE weep.
 Or point some arch, quaint song, in hum'rous sport,
 To call forth laughter in a festive court;
 Tell how the Thund'rer once fought love's soft bow'r,
 And kiss'd the Charmer in a golden show'r;
 Whilst ladies titter, and hold up the fan,
 To hide their blushes, and their thoughts of man:
 But here the fable in reverse behold;
 The Thund'rer's courted in full show'rs of gold.

* Or shall she lift in mad'ning faction's band,
 And point the bitt'rest thoughts at her command;
 Make murth'rous lies in proudest numbers shine,
 "Whilst reputation bleeds in ev'ry line?"
 (O dire disgrace to great APOLLO's court)
 Strew fire and swords to please in wanton sport;

* Many of the following verses were sent, by the AUTHOR, to the *St. James's Chronicle*, and *Public Advertiser*.

How great a Genius is by faction stain'd,
 And like ANDROMEDA to rocks is chain'd !
 With pow'rs to tear the wreath from DRYDEN's brow ;
 Make BUTLER laugh, and POPE submissive bow ;
 Whilst gentle SPENSER gently waves his hand,
 To point the beauties of the FAIRY land ;
 Pow'rs that can lead at will th' AONIAN throng,
 And awe the earth with majesty of song :
 O ! that such pow'rs as dare the *highest height*,
 Shou'd rake the kennels, and lick Tyburn's feet !
 And even there, so godlike is his skill,
 (For fallen angels are immortal still)
 He calls forth flow'rs as from ARABIA's trees,
 Makes carrion sweet, and villains gibbets please.

Such be thy praise :----for GENIUS stand alone----
 We bow to truth ; we rev'rence ALBION's throne,
 With grateful mem'ry, which recalls past things,
 And moves compassion for our British kings.
 And shou'd some CATALINE or CROMWELL rise
 Once more, and spurn all nature's social ties ;
 Shou'd proud rebellion scourge the guilty land,
 Fire towns and villages with ruffian hand ;

Should the mad mob once more dispense the law,
And keep our senate and our court in awe ;
Though bards, TYRTÆUS-like, shou'd sound th' alarm
To war, and bid a moody people arm ;
Though CADE and TYLER lead th' enormous beast,
Direct its fury, and lay kingdoms waste ;
Though knights and nobles all shou'd feel the shock,
And, fainting, tremble at the crimson'd block ;
The throne shou'd totter, and our king shou'd bleed,
And a devoted people bless the deed ;
Whilst truth's my shield, and duty is my crest,
I'll meet the monster with an HARLEY's breast :
Though impious ----- and --- --- shou'd agree
To seize the sword of state, and murder me ;
'To shameful death, in manhood's vig'rous prime,
Shou'd doom this flesh, and tear me limb from limb
With tortures horrid, more than DAMIEN bore,
And strew me piece-meal to the naked shore ;
Should rake my ashes from the silent grave ;
Beyond e'en Truth and Virtue's pow'r to save,
Should damn my honour ; and hang up my name
In all the characters of deserved shame :

No courtly flatterer, no slave to gain,
 These honest principles I will maintain
 Up to the throat of Anarchy and Death,
 And seal, if needful, with my parting breath,
 " Who lops the sceptre *now*, or curbs the Crown,
 " Plucks sacred Liberty's best fences down ;
 " For Freedom still on Government depends,
 " Who best support it are "*the people's friends.*"

Enough.---The muses ever shou'd disclaim
 All partial dealings, and all *mobbish* aim ;
 Shou'd nor on palaces, nor faction wait,
 Nor crouch at ARTHUR's, nor at WILDMAN's gate,
 But be like BOTTI---, "*as fixt as fate:*"
 And to their charter, and APOLLO true;
 Shou'd strike at courtiers and opposers too ;
 With eagle eye shou'd ken so firm the deed,
 No *place* nor *person* shou'd their eye mislead ;
 No,---tho' in courts *he* proudly bore a wand,
 To speak authority, or grace his hand.

Thus I was bantring, in an idle way,
 To vent the spleen of a dull winter's day ;
 Sipping the table chit-chat of the times,
 My own loose thoughts I gave in looser rhimes :

When SATIRE smil'd, and hail'd me for a son,
An infant new-born babe, and thus begun :

“ Cease, cease that motley sing-song prating vein,

“ I've got a theme demands thy boldest strain :

“ Some things are nice, and can't the question bear ;

“ Some errors shou'd be touch'd as light as air ;

“ HORACE indeed had skill in wittiest page,

“ To laugh out VICE in his AUGUSTAN age,

“ But when bold JUVENAL pour'd forth his song,

“ He lash'd the strumpet with envenom'd thong :

“ And shall not one, in this false, treach'rous age,

“ No, not one bard, INGRATITUDE engage ?”

I felt the just rebuke, and, trembling said :

“ O, spare my weakness, thou celestial maid !

“ Can I, like bold ALCIDES, grasp at fame ;

“ Or, in my cradle, HYDRA monsters tame ?

“ No---I was bred upon the level plain,

“ An unknown stripling and a silly swain !”

Vain all excuses, when the gods command ;

Up an high hill she led me by the hand,

At one bold ken, to view the boundless land,

INGRATITUDE's domain : till murky night

I look'd---I own I sicken'd at the sight.

I saw things passing strange, *so many* friends
 Betraying others, for the basest ends ;
Such men, by filken flattery besieg'd,
 And *so obliging*, and *so much oblig'd* ;
Such life-annuitants, *such* pensions, grants,
 For kindred, nieces, nieces endless aunts ;
 The timber'd forest, with its shaggy hair,
 Chaces and parks, and castles good and fair ;
 The *tyrant royalty*, and big domain,
 O'er pools, o'er rivers, and o'er fertile plain :
 And WINDSOR *here*. (But stop, adventrous muse,
Some conducts will admit of *no reviews*.)

Here look'd *asham'd*, poor WILKES ! *thy wav'ring* friends,
 Devoted Martyr to ENYO's ends !
 Here stood a group, in INDIA's silks array'd ;
 And here AMERICA *her plants* display'd.
 See ! the MAJESTICK Dame of AUSTRIAN race,
 (Pride in her heart, tho' sorrow in her face,)
 Leaning on GALLIA's spear, with head hung down ;
 ----Nor can all PRUSSIA's laurels hide her crown.
 And pray, BATAVIA, tell me, who are those
 Cold, cautious cowards, whether friends or foes ?

What stately, high, imperious form is here,
 Big, Fat, Unwieldy, of a fullen air ?

So bold, so insolent,---the *will* command
 The King, the People, and the People's *land*;
 Proud of her wealth, *and yet a begging Queen*;
 ---*At once* I know it for L---INA's mein.

I saw here gowns, there regimentals spread
 Around, and so much black, and so much red;
 Such flags, *such truncheons*, with the fierce cockade,
 Such scarfs, and sashes, 'twas a masquerade:
 The mace, the holy crozier, here I saw,
 The ermin'd pride and dignity of law;
 The golden key, the seals, the taper wand,
 The blazon'd scutcheon, and the bloody hand;
 The high-rais'd plume, still quiv'ring from afar;
 The lance, the steed, the mockery of war;
 The golden spur, the supplicating knee,
 And all that grace or disgrace chivalry:
So many coronets, such stars and strings,
Those glitt'ring, dangling, those ungrateful things.
 So rich, so great a scene,---the king might swear
 He almost saw the CORONATION there:
 A glorious theme! for satirists to feed
 The town with strains which CHURCHILL's self might read---

Had

Had I his skill----but Oh!--the task's too hard,
 And all unfitting for so mean a bard.
 I saw---but now I feel my blood rebel,
 And ev'ry vein with indignation swell.

WHOSE mansion's that, but late the lov'd retreat,
 Of the mild comfort of the good and great?
 Where royal THAMES rolls down its noblest tide,
 And BRITISH commerce shines in all her pride;
 Where Taste and noble B-----H laid the ground,
 And all its pleasures were by Virtue crown'd.
 But who is this, as dubious as his wife,
 This upstart, mushroom *thing* shot into life?
 In aukward bow, shy look, and sneaking mein,
 How plain the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is seen!

Away, thou Miser, count thy millions o'er,
 And comfort seek in thy ill-gotten store;
 Away, proud Wretch; and with some strumpet's charms
 Feed thy foul Lust, and wallow in her arms:
 Shun'd like the Plague, go faunter at thy ease,
 And loath'd by others, strive thyself to please;
 Go, loll in yonder solitary Bow'r,
 There think one fullen, silent, solemn hour;

Think of the *Grantham* desk, th' attorney's trade,
Think o'er the figure you, *since then*, have made.

Do you, I say, (the voice of Truth is loud,
The great are deaf, I've heard, so are the proud)
Do you remember, yes, I know you do,
Remember well, you know I know it too,
A friend, and MOLLY ALDEN was her name,
Of menial station, but of honest fame;
When you with her, a miserable finner,
Cou'd take, well-pleas'd, a comfortable dinner?
For *second tables* were, in former times,
Welcome to *you*, as to *us* men of rhimes.

Think o'er those days----before your chariot roll'd
With springs of silver, or on wheels of gold;
Rattling more proud than PHAETON's----so late,
So early, and so oft, at WALDGRAVE's gate;
E'er GRANBY had the Blues;----e'er you had seen
The frontless -----, or great WOBURN's queen;
E'er mighty HAYES acknowledg'd *you* its guest,
Or in *your embassy* had stood confest:
E'er you was Clerk (thank you and some besides
As kind) where ELLIS now, *you know*, presides;

No commissary then, no muster roll,
No agencies, and no GIBRALTAR coal.

Stay, Sir, now I've begun,----and *you* shall hear
How sweet TRUTH warbles to a *grateful* ear.
Stay---let me wring (for so I will) your heart,
If it has any penetrable part :
How blest with gentle and with lib'ral arts !
How great your Knowledge, and how bright your Parts !
Think what *your* Merit, think from what *you* came,
Your friends, your *talents* meaner than your name ;
When F-- stretch'd forth his hand, a Friend indeed,
To cloath the naked, and the hungry feed ;
Think what he gave, curst be the fatal hour,
What monstrous Wealth ! and to what height of Pow'r
He rais'd thee ; (as it were, in wanton pride,
T'insult our nobles, and the crown deride ;)
Think with thyself, thy various life review,
Ransack thy very soul, then tell me true ;
Can God or man upon thy faith depend ;
Or favours numberless make you a friend ?
Does any Virtue, speak, come stand the test,
Or honest feeling dwell within thy breast ?

Why

Why do you start ? Why lay that bosom bare ?
 Why look revenge ? Why do your eye-balls glare ?
 Why tremble all thy joints, then look so pale ?
 Does keen remorse, at length, or Truth prevail ?

“ No, no,----No social Virtue harbours here ;
 “ I rave with malice, pride, and black despair.
 “ Take my confession, for confess I must :
 “ My God is Avarice, my Soul is Lust ;
 “ Sinful Ambition tears this fretting frame,
 “ Such as urg’d on MACBETH’s relentless Dame
 “ To deed of bloodiest spot.----Cou’d I do more ?
 “ I snatch’d at coronets,---and *regal pow’r*.
 “ How Fraud and Us’ry have conspir’d to swell
 “ My o’er-blown pride, let ev’ry Ensign tell :
 “ Let the poor war-worn Subaltern whose Guide
 “ Is Honour, and who founds his *empty pride*
 “ On a dear Country’s fame ; *let him* whose prime
 “ In friendless exile has decay’d ; till clime
 “ And creeping age, nor age nor clime alone,
 “ But heart-felt Disappointment to the bone
 “ Has eat him ; whom penury, or aching wound,
 “ Or heavier still, EXTORTION to the ground,

“ Weighs down : *Let him* (like BELISARIUS blind,
 “ Broken the free spirit, and the great mind
 “ Which mocks at Want, but cannot bear Disgrace)
 “ *Let him* ask Alms in ev’ry public place,
 “ If any such, *perchance*, on British ground,
 “ In the brave ranks of bravest troops be found ;
 “ For me, *let him* rot in some noisome jail,
 “ And sooth its horrors with his doleful tale.

“ By RICE instructed, and with AYLIFF join’d
 “ By mutual ties, and in our schemes combin’d,
 “ To cheat, to rob, betray, our common aim,
 “ The same our guilt, but not our fate the same.
 “ By grateful ----- pious sermons fir’d,
 “ By him absolv’d, I finn’d secure : admir’d
 “ The solemn casuist’s skill, and pliant soul ;
 “ I *murder’d* Friendship, and my JULIET *stole*.
 “ I murder’d Friendship did I say ?---poor man !
 “ What’s Friendship in a politician’s plan ?

“ The Lie, that ----- did my profits share,
 “ Myself first whisper’d to the public ear,
 “ I by insinuation gave it out ;
 “ Myself the crawling slander help’d about ;

“ Oft in the dark I stab’d his honest Fame,
 “ And heap’d with calumny his injur’d name ;
 “ Much public Hatred long *for me* he bore,
 “ I labour’d still to make *that* Hatred more ;
 “ Whate’er he trusted I myself betray’d,
 “ And often publish’d what he never said :
 “ Gods ! with what ease I can (so near to Pride
 “ Ingratitude and Meanness is ally’d)
 “ The Gifts of yesterday to-day disown,
 “ And meet the Donor with contemptuous frown.
 “ Some few weak souls there are, and *HE I know*
 “ Is one, who can forgive their greatest Foe.
 “ To such weak qualms my heart cou’d never bend,
 “ I ne’er forgave, nor ever will *a Friend*.
 “ When the bold pulse beats high, and blood is warm,
 “ When all things please, and all around us charm ;
 “ When the gay spirits float in Pleasure’s stream,
 “ And dance too sprightly for their earthly frame ;
 “ When the brisk Tongue, impatient of controul,
 “ Pours out the genuine dictates of the soul ;
 “ When the glad, glowing Heart knows no disguise,
 “ But Truth and Friendship sparkle in the eyes ;
 “ E’en in my boyish days, that precious time,
 “ When too much PRUDENCE is itself a crime :

“ I even then cou’d mask a treach’rous Heart,
 “ And unprovok’d act base IAGO’s part ;
 “ And at my birth I’ve heard ERINNYS smil’d,
 “ When ZANGA mark’d me for his fav’rite child.
 “ O, that my Pow’r were equal to my Will !
 “ (For Dev’ls tho’ chain’d in hell, are Devils still :)
 “ O, cou’d it e’er, (by heav’n’s the very thought
 “ Some spark of Comfort, some short gleam has brought
 “ To my sick Soul :) be princely HOLLAND’s Fate
 “ Naked to lie, and starving at my gate,
 “ Like LEAR, forsaken in his silver’d age
 “ To the bleak sky, and wintry tempests rage !
 “ The harden’d world wond’ring shou’d start to find
 “ Ten thousand GONERILLS in *this single mind*.”

Quit, quit these Sylvan scenes, this beauteous plain,
 Where Peace and Virtue shou’d for ever reign ;
 This calm Retreat, for Innocence design’d,
 But how ill-suited to a Guilty Mind !
 Thou loathsome Being, hie thee hence, avaunt ;
 Go seek in LONDON some black, gloomy haunt ;
 Some dark recess, shut out from mortal sight,
 Where rogues in plotting spend the conscious night ;
 Where Heeling BULLIES, Pimps, and Gamesters meet,
 Where Filial DUTY, and titled Lords can cheat ;

Where harden'd Villains plan some bolder scheme ;
 Where you and ----- may together dream
 Of Pow'r and Greatness *lost* ; and to efface
 The stains of Perfidy, and *just* *Disgrace*,
 Try ev'ry shift, each false, *dissembling* art,
 And act *with ease* the shuffling Jesuit's part,
 So well, that great IGNATIUS' self shall smile,
 And own no Jesuit e'er had half thy Guile :
If all should fail, then set your bull-dog on,
 Sharpen his teeth, and bid him bay the THRONE ;
So famish'd now, and so a-thirst for *blood*,
 He lusts to tear *that band* which gave him food.
 Ah, shame and death to think !----and cou'd *such things*
 Arrange our Ministers, and counsel Kings ?

And shall THIS MAN emerge, or *hope* again !
 ----I'll ne'er believe it in a GEORGE's reign.
 Tho' *some* Dictator, in *some* future hour,
 Shou'd rise again, with more than *subject* pow'r ;
 Whose praise re-eccho'd *once* from ev'ry shore,
 With reason too :----Who *once* deserv'd it more,
 When he was ENGLISH ? But, (we scarcely know)
 Is He a GERMAN or a BRITON now ?

O, THOU MOST HIGHEST, O THOU LORD OF LORDS!
 Who from thy throne distribute juſt rewards;
 Of Council wonderful, of Wit divine,
 Beyond the fathom of our little line;
 Of Goodneſs infinite, whoſe bleſſings fall,
 Like Heav'ns dew, promiſcuous on all;
 Let none thy ways of Providence arraign,
 Deſponding fools, or wail in plaintive ſtrain,
 When, perch'd on high, VICE drives her golden wheels,
 Smiling o'er grov'ling Virtue's neck; nor feels
 The ſcourge, the bitter pang, or chaſt'ning care
 Which others feel:---Of Diffidence beware,
 Ye GOOD, ye ſteady FEW, ye choſen band,
 And firm 'gainſt this your keenest Tryal ſtand.

Where's the COLOSSUS rais'd by mighty hand?
 Did his foot ſlip, or was his baſis ſand?
 Point me the veſtige of that flaming ball
 Which trail'd from th' ARCTICK pole: when did it fall,
 Or where? Say, do we wake, or do we dream?
 ----So periſh all unnotic'd in the ſtream
 Of time, who fondly build on human PRIDE,
 Nor heed their GOD, their FATHER, and their GUIDE.

THIS little offering of an infant muſe,
 Who *here* diſclaims all *mean* or *ſelfiſh* views,

FORGIVE : nor let Ill-nature think me vain,
 Nor rank me foremost in her peevish train ;
 If *once*, to nature true, I feel the flame
 Of indignation at a *villain's* name ;
 By honest motives fir'd, am frank to own
 I bow with rev'rence at *just* SATIRE's throne ;
 Glow for the weal of this my native isle,
 Nor with a meed above THALIA's smile :
 When *she* inspires me with her *gen'rous* rage,
 No *Lord* or dictates, or corrects my page :
 None saw the manuscript : (was I to blame)
 Nor scarce a friend yet knows the AUTHOR's name.
 When cloath'd with TRUTH, I wave my *maiden* pen,
 I ask no patrons, but ----- all honest men ;
 AS CHURCHILL free ; when arm'd for Virtue's cause,
 I fear my God alone, and Country's laws.
 If *one hot word strict* Justice has forgot,
 I'll still revoke it with a *shameful* blot.
 FORGIVE a voice you never heard before,
 And may most likely never hear it more ;
 A voice that's weak indeed :----But is it true ?
 Say, *honest* C-----, I appeal to you.

Farewell.---I'll here hang up my silent lyre.---
 Don't wake again a sleeping Muse's fire.

